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But at length he has looked at all these fascinating articles, and finds himself at a remote distance from the entrance of the shop, at the door of a quiet little room not more than thirty feet long and fifteen wide, and this is Mr. Eyre's studio, the superintendent of Phillips's decorations, and it is here that a great deal of the most beautiful china in England is painted. Entering the room, at the end of which is a large window, a long and narrow table appears, painted black, at which ten or a dozen ladies are sitting at their work, and a few portable black tables are scattered through the room. The walls of the studio are painted of a pale olive-colour, as best helping the eye to purity of tints in the china-painting, and a carpet equally unobtrusive in tint covers the floor. Upon the walls are hung a few plaques of lovely designs and colours, that serve as standards and guides to the decorators, and these plaques, and two or three fine Japanese screens, form the sole "properties" of the studio. The day of our visit at the long table, a young lady, one of the professional decorators, who are nearly always women, was putting some cherry-blossoms and birds, in very artistic fashion, upon a jar. Another had about completed the dead colours of a pattern on an unglazed vase, which needed the enamel and the fire to give the tints brilliancy and life. Still another lady had her own jar upon a wheel, and with firm fingers held a small brush filled with colour, and drew a clear and even line as her foot turned the wheel, and with the same movement the jar which stood upon it. At a small table Mr. Eyre was explaining to an assistant the peculiarities of some pattern she was copying from one plate upon another. He afterwards told us that many of his assistants were, at the time of our visit, in the country, making studies of flowers, fruit, and birds, and later they would use these studies as original designs for their decorations. It is a great object with the china decorators in England to have as few duplicated or hackneyed patterns as possible. In some drawers were large portfolios filled with original water-colour pictures of children in flat tints, boys and women; and charming groups of blossoms and leaves could also be seen here waiting their turn to be copied upon plates, cups, and dinner and tea services, to be sold all over the world.

Little pots of turpentine, china palettes with colours spread upon them, and other utensils for working, were upon the tables, but so small was the machinery for all this beautiful and world-known decoration that the room and its occupants appeared to belong rather to some retiring teacher and his pupils than to a great house in the pottery trade.

Another interesting studio for the decoration of china is in the great manufactory of the Doultons, at Lambeth, which is so very convenient to the centres of London that it may be reached in a few minutes from the Parliament Houses by crossing Westminster Bridge. But this studio is also very retired, and it is only a few pieces of the decoration done here that may be seen at the shops of the Doultons' agents. The visitor to Doultons', after walking along the embankment on the south side of the Thames on his right hand, and the palace of the Archbishop of Canterbury on his left, finds himself at length in the midst of groups of buildings, old and new; some of them are tall and fine, and others nearly resembling sheds, they are so rough. Round tiles for draining purposes are stacked about in great pyramids among the buildings, and coarse pots and pans of every description appear. But now in the midst of these rough kinds of pottery, as well as the dismal old buildings of the Doulton manufactory, the eye is caught by

the sight of two or three very fine and peculiar edifices, which tower high above their companions. Pointed windows, cased in grey, blue, and yellowish tiles, diversify in these buildings with buff, black, and red terra-cotta, and the vision ranges over Elizabethan gables formed of many varieties of brick. These new edifices—for they have only been recently completed—contain the museums, the show-rooms, and also the decorating studios, for the famous Doulton pottery.

Going up several staircases to the two upper floors of one of Doultons' new buildings, we find ourselves first at the door of one and then another moderate-sized room. Like the walls of Phillips's studio, these various rooms are stained a pale greyish green, and their furniture is of the simplest description. Small wooden tables, with a little raised case containing shelves on one side of each of them, are occupied by ladies, who keep their various palettes of mixed colours on the shelves of the little cases on the tables, while before them, or in their hands, they hold a jar, a tile, or a plaque, whichever it may be, that they are painting.

The Doultons are continually inventing new styles of ornamentation, and that now most in the hands of the decorators consists of colours so piled up and relieved above the surface of the jars or vases, that it resembles, when glazed and fired, nearly the rough surface of the French Haviland ware. One of the lady artists was dotting the intervals between the raised flower-patterns on her jar thickly with spots of heaped-up white paint, that would give, when baked, much the look of "jewelled" ware; while another of the painters in an underglaze studio—for the studios are divided according to the kind of decoration done in them—was copying a lovely landscape, with Watteau-like figures in it, upon a hollow plaque. There were no overglaze studios in the establishment of the Doultons, for the outlines of the overglaze painting remain so poor and hard after firing that they consider it in England scarcely worth the doing, as we before remarked. In another studio a number of ladies were at work upon dry but unbaked grey jars, pitchers, and plates, which had not been fired at all. These articles were scarcely harder than putty, and of much the same colour. Each artist—for many of these ladies have a very high reputation as artistic decorators—had her own patterns, consisting of original outlines of animals, plant-forms, and arabesques, made by herself, drawn either from Nature or from her own invention. These designs she was inscribing with a sort of "stylus" or pen upon the unbaked pottery, digging farther into the clay to emphasise an eye, a raised paw, or the ear of a rabbit, a horse, or a cat, whichever it might be, of which her design was made. As each artistic decorator is allowed to make and carry out her own ideas, the manufacturer has the advantage of possessing no two articles precisely similar, and any especial fancy or taste in the designer is able to create for its possessor a reputation of its own. Such ladies have already acquired a fame which renders their services of great pecuniary value to the Messrs. Doulton. In the manufacturing process, when the jars and other articles have been covered with the "incised" patterns we have described, an enamel being put upon them, sinks most thickly into the outlines, and when this pottery comes from the furnace it is found to be of a brownish tint, shaded by blue, and with the deep-cut lines of the patterns all emphasised by a rich blue colour, where the blue blaze has filled up the depressions made by the "stylus" or pen we mentioned before.

SUSAN N. CARTER.

THE TANAGRA STATUETTES.



TWO very excellent collections of Tanagra figurines have been brought to New York by M. G. L. Feuardent. The first was purchased by Mr. Appleton, of Boston, some six months ago, and presented by him to a museum in that city; the second collection, of some sixty figures, is now on exhibition at No. 30 Lafayette Place, New York.

It seems quite decided by archæologists that these terra-cotta figures were, with the rarest exceptions, nothing more than the

representatives of the men and women who lived in Boeotia some four hundred years before Christ. These statuettes exhibit, then, exactly that phase of classic art which was comparatively unknown to us. We have been for more than three centuries kept in awe by the grand severity, the lofty calm of god and goddess, but it was only when these little figures were exhumed that we became familiar with the pretty women, the graceful girls, who undoubtedly served as models, and whose elastic step and swaying robes the Greek artists caught and copied in the streets of Tanagra and

Thebes, at or before the time of Phidias. It is not slipshod Art, but what the French would call *l'art bon-enfant*. It might have been that, in order to rob death of its terrors, these Tanagra figurines, as found in tombs, were placed there by pious friends, in order that they might recall to the dead the joyous remembrances of those he had known and loved in life. Now, it should be borne in mind that the Greeks never lavished expensive ornaments or costly votive offerings on their dead. These figures then, made of terra-cotta, a most inexpensive material, must have been fashioned by artists whose remuneration could have been but very little. The statuettes were cast in a mould (occasionally there are two of the same kind), but they have all been touched up as to the draperies; the head was modelled separately, and then put in place. Now, poor only as to wages as might have been the designer of these figures, and third or fourth rate as to his artistic rank among Bœotians twenty-two hundred years ago, were that modeller alive to-day, he would hold a supremely high position. Nothing can surpass the grace, the skill, shown in the arrangement of the draperies, the decision in the pose of the figures. While the clay was soft, either with a few bold, flat strokes of some tool the ampler folds were made, or more elaborate effects were brought about by an infinity of lines, which reproduced the foldings and purflings of the *himation*. Plump arms swathed in the *chiton* are seen in all their roundness, and the proportions of

graceful limbs lose nothing, though they are covered up. There are dainty uses of veils, which in certain figures recall the sacred character of a Madonna, and in others approach to innocent coquetry. Aside from the pure Art-study of pose, these figures give a thorough insight into early Greek costume. Many of these figures wear a peculiar cap, pointed for the women and flat for the men, which head-gear starts from a very small base. All the figures show traces of colour, and, as Bœotian women had amber-coloured tresses, their hair is painted of a light auburn. Generally the women hold a fan in their hands, sometimes an apple. Figures of men are rarer, and are not often as carefully worked as are the women. As the dress of the female figure, with its ample flow, formed a natural base for it to stand upon, and the legs of the man did not, male figures are generally seated on a rock, or lean against a high pedestal. These Tanagra figures, rarely exceeding ten inches in height, of which about three thousand have been found, must certainly exercise a peculiar influence on modern Art. They will teach that daintiness in Art can be arrived at with no possible loss of force. Of course, all the figures are not of the same merit; some are not conceived on as high a plane of art as the others, but still the very worst of them shows how thoroughly an Art-sense (it must be confessed superior to our own) possessed the brain and the fingers of the unknown artist of those primitive days.

MR. RUSKIN'S DRAWINGS.



R. RUSKIN, who is not supposed to be an enthusiast on the subject of America, has thought enough of our Art-culture to send to Boston, through Professor Charles Eliot Norton, of Harvard University, a large and highly interesting collection, chronologically arranged, of his pencil and wash drawings. Twenty-five of them were last year in the London exhibition of Turner's and Ruskin's drawings, and the remaining eighty have never before been publicly displayed. An important pamphlet, prepared by Professor Norton, accompanies them. It contains a number of Mr. Ruskin's notes on the pieces in the London Exhibition, and also some selected extracts from "Modern Painters," and other writings of the celebrated critic. "I have amused and humiliated myself," says Mr. Ruskin quite characteristically, "by arranging a little autobiography of drawings from childhood until now; out of which it appeared to me that some useful points might be made evident respecting the service of particular methods or the danger of particular errors." On entering the gallery of the Art-dealers on Tremont Street, where these works are hanging, one is struck first of all by their extreme simplicity of subject, treatment, and appearance. They are mostly cabinet in size, and concerned with cathedrals, Venetian palaces, Swiss waterfalls, villages, and cottages, and English oaks, sycamores, rocks, leaves, berries, flowers, and landscapes, which Professor Norton thinks that "no one may hope to appreciate at their worth who will not, in a respectful and modest spirit, give time and patience to their study." That is to say, if the visitor expects a "sensation," he will be disappointed; for Mr. Ruskin has not sent himself hither to be cheered by the throats of the crowd, or to get plumes stuck into his cap. He is too old, and he has always been too serious, to care for "popular" fuss and feathers. His modest and sole motive seems to have been to give useful hints to earnest and aspiring young students of drawing. He recommends them to begin by copying maps of various countries from the geographical atlases, since he places "map-making first among the elementary exercises that include

subsequent colour," and he exhibits two maps of France and Africa, drawn by himself when he was ten years old. Next in order come architectural sketches in pencil of fine old English cathedrals, some of them, as he admits, "very much out of drawing," but serviceable, nevertheless, as studies of attempts to seize and hold important and most significant features. A few representations of grass-blades and Alpine rose-bells, begun in 1842, ended forever his "Proutism," and his "trust in drawing things out of his head." From that time on he went directly to Nature, and one of his notable specimens is "The Falls of Schaffhausen" in colour, which is "the only drawing of mine I ever saw Turner interested in; he looked at it long, evidently with pleasure, and shook his finger at it one evening, standing by the fire in the old Denmark Hill drawing-room. How destiny does mock us! Fancy if I had him to shake fingers at me now!" Geneva, Laufenburg, Lucerne, Vevay, Neufchâtel, Fribourg, the Lake of Brienz, the Tyrolean Alps, and the St. Gothard Pass, next appear in delineations of more or less thoroughness and beauty made during a leisurely sketching tour some twenty years ago—for Mr. Ruskin, as everybody knows, has been a systematic explorer of the picturesque in Europe. Then we have some studies of Venetian architecture—noble and delightful examples of artistic force and fervor, which will never grow old. A few of them bear the date 1879. Last of all is a series of miscellaneous Italian, French, and English drawings: 'A Stone of my Garden-Wall,' 'Evening at Norwood,' 'Study of Sunrise,' 'Leaves and Berries,' 'Dry Oak-Leaves,' 'Budding Sycamore,' 'Oak-Buds,' and so on. The exhibition, it is hardly necessary to remark, is absolutely fresh, and very delightful. It will not fail to be appreciated by every visitor whose Art-sense is lively and generous. Not its least point of interest is the renewed and demonstrable revelation that there is in this world at least one critic of the fine arts who knows what he is talking about. Many as are Ruskin's vagaries—and what man of genius is free from defects of the mind?—it still remains true that he has rendered greater and more vital services to Art than any other writer who ever lived.